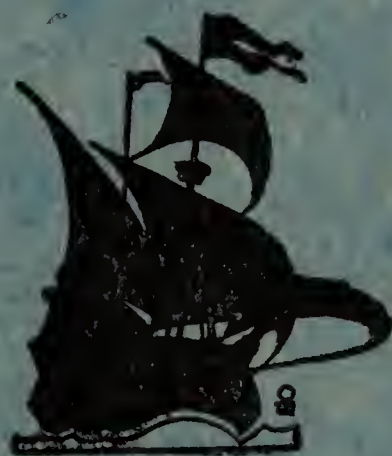


THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN



Alumni Number

April
1933

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The St. Joseph's Collegian

April 19, 1933

Volume XXI

Number Seven

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He Is Risen

D. J. Altieri '34

The morn is dark and empty lies the tomb
Where Christ was laid by mortal man to rest,
But He has conquered Death. From out its nest
A robin, silent long, now breaks the gloom
With music sweet that fills the stony room
Where Christ had lain. Its weary wounded Guest
No more is there, and so at Joy's behest
The world awakes. Christ rose from Nature's womb.

Let us arise from out the tomb of sin,
And may the song of gladness then once more
Ring through high heaven till the angels hear
It and rejoice. New glory we can win
If we but try, for God will graces pour
Into our souls. Arise for Christ is near!



Reminiscences, Alumni!

Edward Fisher '34

ACCORDING to the best methods employed by writers of reveries, it has become customary to allow the daydreamer the use of an easy chair which, of course, must hold its place before a blazing log fire. Whether this log fire be in a grove of trees or in a hearth decorated with fancy andirons makes no particular difference, for the visions belonging to daydreaming float along just as well. As a companion to awaken inspiration under circumstances, however, the pipe with its characteristic aroma must be conspicuously in action. A pleasing warmth, together with the decoying perfume of genuine old Burleigh, have been regarded from time immemorial as the best inducements to make the mind active. Therefore, Alumni, when the Fates mercifully conspire to put you in proper condition for reflecting on years that have flown into the happy beyond, don't pass up the chance to give your Alma Mater, old St. Joseph's, a thorough mental reconnoitering. There will be much to ponder, don't forget, in the

past events of your lives, and if not always pleasant recollections are called into view, then remember the ancient adage, "*Memoria praeteritorum malorum jucunda.*"

It may be objected that you have no log fire to amuse you, and that you have flung away the pipe among the taboos of your daily round of existence. Be that as it may; yet life, and your lives too, "old boys," will have their intriguing moments when reminiscences of past years, and particularly of the years of young manhood, will persist in having attention. People grow narrative by age as was said already by old Ulysses. To this turn in the course of human life, none of you can possibly force himself to constitute an exception. If then reminiscence will have a share in your lives, don't demur at giving the incidents of your student days a thoroughgoing thrashing over. There are the old haunts where informal debates were held; there are the old grounds where glory or defeat was earned in games; there are the old club rooms where more wisdom was spilled in conversation than all the world's philosophers ever could get into their heads; there are the old classrooms where it was daily proved that lessons were insufficiently conned; there are the old study-halls, the old dormitories, and even some of the old books are still there tucked away in some dusty nook with all their gushing lore consigned to sweet oblivion.

If the sum of these things will not cause a veritable cataract of memories to rush through your heads; then dwell in mind upon the good fortune you had, and that very often, to be consoled in your

grievs when tasks seemed insurmountable by recalling that Shakespeare knew little Latin and less Greek; that Lord Macaulay was a hopeless dunce in mathematics; that Lord Bolingbroke posed as a learned man, but in reality knew nothing; that Alexander Pope was a poetaster; that Isaac Newton did not know half of the time what he was doing, and that if the Roman soldier had run a sword through old Archimedes just a few years earlier, and Euclid had drowned in the shipwreck which sent him floundering about in the waters of the sea, many uninviting tasks could well have been and might well have been spared you. But you have survived the tasks, and probably you are playing the game of life just as successfully as any one of them played it whose names have been mentioned. You may not have the good luck to have your names chiseled on columns of marble or inscribed on tablets of bronze, but neither did this good luck come to many men who in their lives were as famous as were William Shakespeare or John Milton. Phooey on such a thing as ordinary fame! What is it aside of being an Alumnus of St. Joseph's? To make you realize what it means to be such an Alumnus, your Alma Mater annually celebrates Homecoming Day and wants to see you present to grace the occasion.

Once again meeting with the gay comrades of college days in actuality will revive the memory of interesting affairs that occurred during those years when life held nothing besides promises of sure success, and it will prove to be a tonic to your feelings to know at first hand now from the "old boys" to what extent these promises met with fulfillment.

There will be occasion for glad-hand performance, for mutual admiration, for mutual encouragement, for mutual congratulation. If it be true "that distance lends enchantment to the view," then it is equally true that immediate presence is the soul of friendship. One of these sayings is as true as the other with only this difference that the soul of friendship is something more pleasing than any kind of enchantment. It is worth more than having one's name emblazoned on the title pages of books, for as Emerson says, "Who hears me, who understands me, becomes mine—a possession for all time," while many other things of a social nature, even if possessed, are never truly owned because as time progresses they pass on to him, to another, and yet to another, only to be at last forgotten; but friendship, that true wine of life, is strictly a personal possession. Certainly it grows by being re-enlivened, and to that end Homecoming Day, as provided by your Alma Mater, offers the opportunity.

The years, furthermore, that you spent at St. Joseph's did not enter into your being without leaving definite traces on your lives. They had a great deal to do with the shaping of your career. You are chiefly what you are because of these years, and neither would you venture a bet with anybody that a time will come when you would prefer to be anything else but just that which those years have made you. If there were days when you felt depressed, there were also days when you felt elated with success in your tasks; if honors were not always at hand, yet they came along frequently enough to make life ever more and more agreeable.

You felt your wits sharpen in the tussle with problems; you communed with master minds through the medium of books; you felt the realities of life dawning into understanding through the help of instructions; you prepared yourself to meet the world in a better hand-to-hand grapple than could have come to you through any other avenue of endeavor. Even if the lessons taught by books have faded, yet their imprint is indelibly stamped on your lives, and the effect they had on you rides along securely on the reminiscences that cannot fail to carry you back in spirit to the joy and hilarity of college days.

Now that your thoughts have matured in the swirl of years, there can be no doubt but that you will find it amusing to communicate the experiences that have pieced out your lives up to the present day by having a pleasant chat with others who were in the same boat with you at college cruising over the ever widening seas of learning. There is the matter of comparing notes with others as to what was expected in the future; as to what might have been, and as to what really came to pass. Old friends to converse with in regard to personal affairs has at all times proved to be an interesting experience. The reshaping of ideas between the hard millstones of the world and through the keen cutting emery of social contact will have brought into your minds a greatly mellowed outlook over the incidents and events that lengthen out into the span of life. Why not make use of Homecoming Day to enjoy a mutual treat of the real social kind with one another for which occasion presents itself rarely enough as years slip onward.

Then, too, you will gradually have arrived at the conclusion in the course of your reminiscences that tasks which appeared so thoroughly vexing in student days were fraught with a benefit that could only ripen into understanding with the help of years. Slowly but surely it will come to every one's mind that dreary old Shakespeare really was a profound philosopher; that Macaulay's pen dripped thoughts of silver; that Milton is a wonderful stimulant for the imagination; that Pope was a poet hard to beat; that Newton had a wonderful pioneering mind; and that if Archimedes and Euclid had lived but for a shorter period of time, the world never would have its mighty canals, tunnels, and power dams. Perhaps there is even this advantage to be laid to your account that in consequence of your mental training during college years you have come to realize that among the ten thousand book-producers of the present age there is hardly one who is worthy to be characterized as a genius. For all these and similar benefits old Alma Mater stands as our benefactress.

Besides, there is the memorial service to be celebrated in the chapel which is intended to recall to your minds the memory of those who have passed out of the ranks, but who are not to be forgotten; old pals, namely, whose names cannot fail to figure in reminiscences whenever these are indulged with regard to days now long flown, but not to be consigned to oblivion. For the renewal of friendships, therefore, for real social enjoyment, for the revival of happy reminiscences, Alumni, don't miss the celebration of Homecoming Day.



To Spring

C. F. Scheidler '34

'Tis winter still, but yet there is the thought
Of dawning day
When dreariness and gloom, despair has wrought,
Are cast away.

Indeed, fair Spring, with straining ears must we
Await for long
The robin's note? Pray, let the honey bee
Stir at his song,

And suck the sweetness that the roses bring:
Or fondly greet
The humming birds whose tiny bills may cling
To flowers sweet.

When lilies bloom and lilacs moist with dew
Speak love's sweet hope,
'Tis then while gaily sings the lark anew,
No more we grope

O'er earth deprived of color and of joy;
For thou, O Spring!
Wilt bring the fairest days without alloy
To make us sing.

The Song of a Tree

A. L. Selhorst '33

Let us have thy song,
Thou stately tree,
For no music else on earth
Can equal thine own melody
In timbre, tone, and worth.

"Then hear ye, who would have my song
That I sing from morn to night:
My notes run shrill in pain and strife
And rumble harsh like wars,
Again they turn to joy and mirth
When days are fair and warm.
In wintry frosts I change my tune
For the winds would have it so;
They've stripped my boughs and twigs of leaves
That fringed me all about
With music sweet whose lisping notes
Were like the siren's call.
But when gay spring returns with cheer
It is delight to me
To hear the merry leaves burst forth
In strange new melody
That tells of life; that tells of love
And speaks my gratitude
To nature's kind enduring care,
Since from her hand once more
I have that garb of beauty rare
That regales the sight of man
Through all the balmy summer days
Till autumn's suns decline."



What To Do?

Joseph L. Allgeier '34

AT the University of Kentucky, Charles Murray found life unusually sophisticated. He enjoyed it, nevertheless; it was even outrightly to his liking. His third year in the course of architecture was nearing its end, but it was not with any particular joy that he thought of this fact, for he loved his work with all the intensity that others of less mental aptitude show in their love for games and diversions. The art of drawing had always been Charles' favorite employment and that, too, from the days of his primary schooling. Taking note of her son's ability, Mrs. Murray had always lent him every encouragement by showing her appreciation of his work in sketching. The walls of her bedroom were a museum exhibit of her son's technique in the use of brush and pencil.

But Charles was not a gloomy, grumpy fellow who could not see the value of physical exercise, even if mental pursuits were his greatest pleasure. At all costs, he was determined to gain a place on the varsity squad in basketball. In the practice hours of this game, he showed the same interest that he displayed in his studies with the result that the

coach very soon had an eye on him. When Jim Strasse, the regular forward, was disabled by an injury, Charles was ordered into his place and proved himself a worthy choice. But the scales of fortune are not always tilted in the right direction, no matter how hard a person may strive to gain success. It happened that on one evening, immediately after a successful encounter with a visiting team, that the coach called Charles and handed him a telegram. With trembling hand, Charles tore open the envelope, only to find his worst fears realized. There in cold type was the shocking news that his father had suffered a severe stroke of paralysis. When the effect of the startling message had subsided, Charles soliloquized as he stared at the grey stone floor of the locker room, "I suppose this is the end of my career."

Dejection made all the more insufferable by worry weighed heavily on Charles' mind while in his room in Corney Hall he was packing up his belongings preparatory to returning home. After a few hours had passed, he found himself on a bus bound for Louisville. It was not a pleasant homecoming under circumstances that prevailed, and to make matters worse, he found upon arriving at his home that his father had died.

Here was a real crisis in Charles' career. During all the past years, he had devised magnificent plans for his future, a future that seemed bright and most promising, for he had already contracted that upon being graduated, he would take up the position of junior partner in the architectural business of Mr. Maurice Overtstreet & Company. Now all this would be impossible even as his being grad-

uated was totally out of the question. "What to do, what to do?" was the wistful query that he often muttered to himself.

For some weeks after the death of his father, Charles sought to keep himself employed about the house by helping his mother in the ordinary daily chores. Of evenings, he pored over such books as he had brought with himself from the university. It soon became plain to Mrs. Murray that her son, even though he tried to be helpful to her and made every effort at being cheerful, could not drop the idea of prosecuting his studies from his mind. To relieve him from his anxieties was now the problem uppermost in her mind. Hence it was that she decided to speak to him regarding his studies.

"Charles," she began in a pleading voice, "why don't you go back to school and finish your course? I can find work to do and shall be able to look after your brother and sister, Johnny and Louise. They are both attending high school now, and what little care they will require at home I shall be able to give them. Return to the university, therefore; won't you go?"

At these words, Charles turned to gaze sadly upon his mother—upon her glassy eyes, her wrinkled cheeks, her toil-worn hands. Calmly he answered, "No, mother, I cannot go and add the burden of supporting me to your daily work. Even for the both of us, it will be hard enough to keep the home what it should be and provide necessities for Johnny and Louise. What I shall do is go to work. I met a gentleman recently who thinks that he can find room for me in his office as assistant clerk. On next Monday I am to report at his place of business. In this way I

can help you, instead of relying upon you to help me. After my brother and sister have been graduated from high school, then, maybe, I can find a chance to finish my course; but do not ask me to think of doing so now."

Mrs. Murray saw from Charles' attitude towards her suggestion that it was useless to plead with him any longer about the matter. She allowed him to have his way. At the time appointed, he took up work at the office of Harrison and Dobner, Wholesale Clothiers. Days now brightened up for the entire family, for Charles was earning good wages and knew how to use his earnings wisely. As time went on, it seemed that the family was again headed by a father. Even Mrs. Murray found it advisable to rely upon the prudence of her son and leave the management of all affairs belonging to the home in his hands. Of course, Charles had not forgotten his love for the study of architecture, and it was this engaging interest that brought a turn in the tide of things.

As had become usual with him when returning from work, Charles bought an evening edition of a local newspaper. For several days in succession he noticed a prize offer in the paper for plans to be submitted for a new hotel that was to be built in his home town. Gradually it dawned upon him that in this prize offer was contained the answer to the question, "What to do?" that had vexed him some months ago. He determined to get busy at once with the drawing of plans for this building. Luck might come his way, so he thought; but the luck he hoped for put a damper on the happiness of his home. He became so deeply engrossed in this arch-

itectural scheme that he became useless as an employee at the office where he soon began to show negligence in work, and that to such a degree as made Harrison and Dobner turn him out of the job. This incident gave a jolt to his dreams and rudely awakened him to the fact of a sorry situation. "What will mother say?" was now the question that bothered him sorely. But when he apprized his mother of the matter, she seemingly took the information without any signs of worry, neither did she allow her confidence in her son to be shaken.

To trudge the streets in a vain search for work was now the answer to the question, "What to do?" for Charles. Never before had it occurred to his mind that a job was so easy to lose and so hard to find. Yet worry as much as he might about not finding work, he could not brush the thoughts of those architectural plans aside. Day and night, they were haunting him persistently. Finally in order to ease his mind of this trouble, he decided to shut himself up in his room for the space of time required to finish a draft of the plans. He acted on this resolution without telling any one of his family what purpose he had set to himself. To all the family this peculiar way of acting seemed queer, but no one molested him. His mother, however, had serious misgivings about this piece of conduct on the part of Charles and began to fear that worry about work was making him melancholy. But do what he might she was determined not to interfere, neither would she ask him any questions about his affairs.

At length the plans were finished. Filled with high hopes, Charles sent them to the given address.

Though he came out of his long seclusion for no other reason than to walk the streets again in search of work, yet all the family were glad to see that he was around like formerly. But as weeks passed, and no work came in sight, he began to look visibly depressed. On his part the depressed feeling was real, so real that he became despondent. On one day, when his rambles in an effort to find work brought him to the banks of a stream in the neighborhood of the town, he halted for more than an hour debating with himself if it would not be best to put an end to his troubles by plunging into these deep waters. But the thought of being a plain coward in the battle of life, and the thought of the sorrow that would naturally overtake his family in consequence of such an act made him turn his steps to the road again.

That evening, after returning home, Charles seemed much dejected. At the supper table he spoke not a word. His mother could not bear up with this kind of conduct any longer, and in the hope of relieving the tension caused by her son's silence, asked him gently, "What is the matter, Charles? Don't let this worry about not finding work get the better of you. Everything will turn out all right at some time. By the way, there is a letter here for you, but finish your meal now; you can read the letter later."

To these words of his mother, Charles made no answer. He finished his meal hurriedly, took up the letter and made off to his room. But his mood was too sullen to permit him to take any interest in anything. Even all thoughts of his architectural plans had passed from his mind. For him the future

contained no prospects, and the present was miserable. Very perfunctorily, he tore open the envelope. The contents showed up in a brief note and a check for ten thousand dollars. His plans for the new hotel had been accepted. He could hardly believe his eyes; it all seemed too startling. In excitement he paced the floor of his room. By degrees the rising feeling of happiness overcame him, and he called to his mother. Before she reached his room, he rushed out to meet her and called out, "I have answered the question, 'What to do?' mother, and here is the answer." Saying these words he flourished the big check before her eyes. His brother and sister ran to the scene and joined in the sudden burst of happiness. The atmosphere throughout the house changed as if by magic. Gloom was dispelled; joy took its place.

Charles had taken chance by the forelock. In due time he was graduated from the university, and very soon a huge electric sign on a large office building in his home town of Louisville flashed a continuous answer to the question, "What to do," for him by advertising the firm, Charles Murray & Company, Architects and Engineers.





Nature Rebels

R. N. Wuest '34

A pale blue sky spreads overhead to crown
The summer day. The verdant earth in bloom
Below displays fair Nature in her gown
Of rarest sheen; while sacred in the gloom
Within the forest's depths the sun topped trees
Arch woven chancels make within the glade;
While song of birds is carried on the breeze,
And artless joy is found in sun and shade.

When lo! the thunder rumbles from the cloud,
And then the vivid streaks of lightning flash
Across the sky. The trees bend low, and loud
The storm wails on, as with the cruel lash
Of wind and rain the earth is scourged. Yet all
Is fairer when the storm is o'er and song birds call.



A Romance in Rhythm

Urban A. Reichlin '33

NESTLED among the mountains near the shores of Bristol Channel where the Quantock Hills slope towards the waters of the Severn lies an attractive valley that in itself may have no more importance than a tract of sand on the arid Sahara. How comes it then, that during the summer seasons, thousands of travellers, many of them from our own United States, seek out this picturesque country and pause along the roadside to marvel at the rolling landscape of Devon and Somerset? Is it that they admire the many-colored scene spreading beneath the brightness of England's sparkling sun? Certainly not. A scene, however much entrancing, could not for long attract countless multitudes. There must be something more than a panorama to make the human heart answer the call of longing; there must be something intensely human in the scene to direct the footsteps of the pilgrim.

The moors and dales of Devon and Somerset contain just this required human element mingled with exceptional and unique beauty. Hence it is

that travellers gaze at the scenes of this country with undying pleasure because they offer a setting for the adventures of a strikingly literary character, namely, "Lorna Doone." Three centuries ago, throughout this neighborhood, John Ridd struggled with the lawless Doone clan to which Lorna belonged by ties of blood. In the strife that grew perilous at times, Ridd succeeded in overawing the Doones and put an end to their ferocious attacks on the home-loving inhabitants of the pleasant valley. But the most supremely human touch is lent to the locality by the little church of Oare, which stands to this day under tall over-hanging trees among the monuments of by-gone atrocious deeds and ferocious slaughter. Within that little church tourists have occasion to kneel and pray before the very altar at which Lorna knelt on her wedding day.

In his attractive story, dealing with the Doones and with Lorna in particular, Richard D. Blackmore has depicted the hills and valleys lying between Porlock and Lynton with all their native grandeur and charm. This ardent admirer of Exmoor made it his purpose to "paint things as he saw them." In consequence a more excellent example of local color resulted than the powers of mere imagination could have created. Hundreds of readers have been impelled by his artistic true-to-life pictures to visit this inviting country of Western Europe. These pictures, too, that serve as a frame to the life incidents of "Lorna Doone," have given Blackmore enduring fame, such as his other works would hardly have secured for him.

Even if the historical references, as woven into the story, are of minor importance; yet it is con-

soling to know that the production itself is not purely a matter of fiction. If it were only fiction, the author would have been spared much labor; but as it is, he has gathered fragments here and there from old manuscripts and legends that at least have some air of truth about them and has furnished merely the mortar of imagination necessary to bind his findings together logically into one grand and excellent masterpiece which the literary world will ever cherish. And if the story is far more famous than its composer as is generally conceded, it shows by this fact how deeply Blackmore was himself engrossed in its details, for the ideas carried him beyond his usual powers of expression to the end that he gave verbal form to a group of the loveliest incidents that can be gathered into the environs of a simple romance.

In view of the fact that the author shows himself profoundly interested in his work, need there be any wonder that both young and old literally devour the breath-taking adventures which he reports and feel themselves mightily drawn in kindest feelings to the winning personality of him who could create something so full of throbbing human life as is "Lorna Doone?" If universal appeal is necessary to brand a work with the stamp of literary approval, then this Exmoor romance, because of the life of its hero and heroine, whose adventures bid fair to place them among the characters world famous in letters, will have an excellent chance to abide in the favor of readers for ages to come. More than the adventures of the chief personages, the language employed gives literary merit to this masterpiece. It is well known that the chosen setting is overhung

by a poetic atmosphere, and this atmosphere has insinuated itself into the lines of Blackmore to such an extent that at times the reader feels that he is reading hexameter verse. A strong suggestion of De Quincy's impassioned prose cannot be escaped in places where the rhythm breaks through in a flow that is hardly short of being musical.

Permitted to speak in their native dialects, several minor characters bring about many hearty laughs by their witty sayings; besides this, however, various ways are used for "pepping up" the story by admitting wit and humor through the agency of other devices such as humorous descriptions and unexpected turns of thought in phrases attached to the close of otherwise serious sentences. Heavy sentences and cumbersome words seemingly are avoided on purpose. The style, in consequence, runs along as smoothly as a gliding brook that winds its course through level meadows. But to say that smoothness is the chief characteristic of the style would mean to tell only a half truth, for added to this is a clearness in wording that can only to be equalled in art by the lines of an etching. Surely every incident portrayed in the story was impressed clearly as an etching on the mind of Blackmore, or else he could not have produced this work of unquestioned genius.

Force in any narrative is gained by using direct discourse. Hence it is that Blackmore will have the strong and noble John Ridd tell his life's story with all the intensity and flavor that only personal experience can give. There is no feeling of "second-handedness" in any of the words of John

Ridd. In an altogether artless manner, he communicates his joys and sorrows; his agonizing suspense; his joy in final victory. He gains whole-hearted sympathy at every movement; he communicates pleasure and pain to those who read his words by exhibiting before their eyes sights both beautiful and terrible and by causing them to hear sounds both pleasing and blood-curdling. The effect produced by this directness is far more intimate than the author's narrative could possibly make it. Thus it is that Blackmore gains immensely in power of portrayal by employing personal narrative inasmuch as it is a human experience that the personal always has about it that vividness and strength of which "second-handedness" can only be a weak reflection.

That the plot of the story is needlessly complicated is an impression that at first blush will annoy the mind of any reader. But he need not proceed very far before he will discover that there is a subordinate plot most skillfully interwoven with the primary theme, a literary device, which upon being understood, greatly re-enforces interest. Whatever, in this story, seems to be merely introductory and apparently non-essential will prove, as the denouement progresses, to be really most essential. Altogether the various incidents will prove to be consistent and strictly coherent as the climax approaches. And what a climax it is! The lawless Doones have been conquered; Lorna has been rescued; peace prevails throughout the pleasant valley. But a soul-stirring tragedy must be staged to shock one's feelings, and it descends upon the scene so swiftly as to make the reader gasp for breath in excitement. John Ridd and Lorna are still kneeling

at the altar in the little chapel when the blast of a blunderbuss prostrates Lorna on the floor in death. Instantly John Ridd rushes out in pursuit of the recognized assassin, the fast fleeing Carver.

With a feeling of anger, the reader feels impelled to rush along with John Ridd and assist in capturing the murderer. Of course this act is impossible, and as if to allay all excitement, Blackmore quickly introduces the notice that Lorna has not really been killed but only appeared at first sight to be dead. She is even permitted to survive the tragic assault upon her life. This unexpected change in events weakens the effect of an otherwise powerful story, but it may be that the author had in mind what Theodore Roosevelt said in just so many words in later years: "I love to read only such stories as have a happy ending."

When Day Is Done

N. J. Sulkowski '34

When night is come, and stars bedeck the sky;
And cares of man give way to peaceful sleep,
While all on earth in silence slumbers deep;
Then in its place above the altar high,
There hangs the lamp whose single glowing eye
The darkness pierces where the angels keep
Their midnight watch. The colored moonbeams peep
Through windows stained, adoring Him that's nigh.
So when the work of life's own day is done,
And softly shades of night begin to fall
Like heralds of an end we cannot shun
As mortal man; let not then death apall
Us, for as faithful souls we go to One
Whom we adore. We should not fear His call.



Mistaken Identity

Joseph A. Jacobs '34

AT his desk in the police court, Judge Fallon sat drowsily resting his chin on the palms of his hands with his shell-rimmed zwickers swiveling dangerously on the tip of his wise legal nose. That nose had smelled out many a tricky case, but for the present there seemed to be nothing to do for it, as evidently both the good and the bad throughout the world had gone to sleep. His thoughts were calmly drifting away into day-dreaming when altogether unexpectedly his pleasant reveries were rudely interrupted. The door of the courtroom flung wide, and through it stumbled a victim at the hands of a policeman.

"Judge," called out the officer of the law, "this man, Delany, is a racketeer about the race track. I pinched him at the moment when he was putting over a deal involving several thousands of dollars in a gambling venture. He was the leader in a brawling crowd that clearly enough meant murder as revolvers were plainly in evidence."

"Delany is your name?" queried the Judge with

a yawn that put an end to his drowsiness. "What have you to say for yourself in this racketeering game? I remember that a little more than a week ago I heard of you as being connected with the bumping off of Mr. Spigoni. Now that you are in the right place, give an explanation."

"Mr. Spigoni was my friend, sir," replied Delany. "I am not guilty of his death, but I do know by what means he came into trouble. The affair related to the selling of an automobile. He sold this machine for five thousand dollars to a certain Mr. Druso, who failed to make payment according to contract, but proceeded to put up the machine on a raffle only to make money, and he was making money. Mr. Spigoni through my help recovered the machine, together with the tickets that had been sold by Mr. Druso, with the understanding that Mr. Druso was to share in the proceeds. But this deal was not executed without a serious row."

At this point Delany was interrupted by another man who had followed him from the race track to the court room, and who now preferred another charge.

"Judge, this man, Delany," continued the new complainant, "has burnt my automobile. A little more than three weeks ago, he stepped up to me and demanded that I return the machine to Mr. Spigoni. I had never heard of a Mr. Spigoni before. How he came to accuse me of buying my machine from Mr. Spigoni is a mystery to me. I bought my machine from the Cadillac Company located in this town. But at that time, this man, Delany threatened me with trouble if I did not return the machine

at my earliest chance. What he meant, I never could understand."

"What have you to say to this charge, Delany?" inquired the Judge.

"Nothing more, sir," answered Delany, "than that he is the very man who bought the machine from Mr. Spigoni and failed to make payment, but used the machine to make money for himself by putting it up for raffle. How the machine came to be burnt in the meanwhile, I do not know."

"By the way, Delany," commanded the judge, "tell the court the exact name of the man who bought the machine from Mr. Spigoni. There seems to be something unclear in this matter."

"I have already given his name as Mr. Druso. He is the man who bought the machine and now accuses me of burning it," Delany replied.

"Druso!" exclaimed the new complainant. "Why, man, my name is Dresser. However, I have met Mr. Druso and have bought several tickets from him in the raffle that he was carrying on. Evidently, Judge, this man, Delany, is the victim of a timeworn mistake, a mistaken identity."

"There is no mistaken identity here," interposed Delany. "You, Mr. Dresser, are merely seeking to hide behind an assumed name. Personally, I was not well acquainted with Mr. Druso, but I am sure of my man, and you are the one in question. Allow me to tell what I know. Perhaps it will surprise you."

"You have your chance to tell all you know, Delany," assured the Judge, "but be sure to tell all you know."

"Sir," continued Delany, "my friend, Mr. Spigoni, sold an automobile to this Mr. Druso, who now insists

that his name is Dresser. Failing to make payment according to contract, this Mr. Druso forfeited his right to the machine. I was detailed to act as go-between for the parties concerned. My intention was to settle matters peacefully. True, when I met Mr. Druso and found that he was putting the car up for raffle, I threatened him with serious trouble. Finally, I bargained with him as he himself knows, even if here and now he poses as a Mr. Dresser, that he might hold the car on condition that he would turn the money he had collected and the tickets of the raffle over to me with the understanding that Mr. Spigoni would continue the raffle, and he was to share in the proceeds. To this proposition he ultimately consented, though not without much fuss and abuse. Since the car was kept in his garage, I told those who bought tickets where they might go to inspect it. When the sale of tickets had reached ten thousand dollars, it was decided to stage the raffle. To my mind everything was running along on the square, and anybody can imagine my surprise when it became known that the ticket box had been stuffed. There were no other numbers on the tickets outside of those that belonged to Mr. Druso, who at present calls himself Dresser. It was but natural that Mr. Spigoni should raise severe objections. Immediately a shot rang out that stretched him on the floor. Upon making a search, no weapon was found on anyone present, but Mr. Druso was gone. I feel certain that he did the shooting and furthermore, in a feeling of spite, set fire to the car."

Turning to Mr. Dresser, the Judge said, "These charges are of a serious nature. Give an explanation, or I shall have you put under arrest."

"All that I have to answer to this recital is that another mistake is coming on the scene. Since there is a garage right across the alley from my own in which my car was burnt, it will be much in place to carry out an examination to see if the raffled car is not even now intact. My license number was 183-72, and this gentleman, Delany, should know the license number of the raffled car. How about it, Delany?"

"The license number of the raffled car was 182-71," came the reply.

"I shall institute a search into this matter at once," said the Judge.

A court attendant was sent on this errand and soon returned with the intelligence that the car bearing the license 182-71 was perfectly intact in the garage across the alley where the case of arson had taken place.

"Impossible!" shouted Delany. "This man, Dresser, whose real name is Druso, very likely burnt the car that was up for raffle."

Mr. Dresser now ventured to explain, "This Mr. Delany has mistaken me right along for Mr. Druso. There can be no doubt but that he is trying to pettifog the court on some issue in which he himself is involved. I feel that by now he knows well enough that Mr. Druso is not present. For some reason not known, he appears to be dissembling."

At this juncture, a policeman entered bringing notice that a man was found dead with a bullet wound in his head. In one of his pockets was found the only clue for identification, namely, a small key and a note which read, "I am glad to die. Three times in one year I have been wronged by Mr.

Spigoni in bargains that I made with him. But I have had my revenge; he is no more. He, who finds my body, please inform my wife. Her address is 346 Sheldon Street in this city. H. Druso."

The Judge was surprised at hearing the wording of this note. Delany was stunned, but he recovered quickly enough to ask the policeman if it would be easily possible to discern any difference in looks between the man found dead and Mr. Dresser here present in court. After a scrutinizing look, the policeman admitted that the only difference that he could see was that the one was dead and the other alive.

"This information seems to unravel the case in hand," said the Judge. "Moreover, Dresser cannot be Druso. Were you, Mr. Delany, acquainted with Mr. Druso?"

"I saw him but once," replied Delany, "and that was at a distance, but I always felt sure that Mr. Dresser here was the man with whom I had to deal concerning the car."

"But what in all this world makes you, Mr. Dresser, accuse Delany of burning your car?"

Briefly, Judge," answered Mr. Dresser, "I saw him prowling about my garage for several days and so did my neighbors. His name was not known to me or to others, however, until now. My suspicion of him was confirmed, when on this day I observed him getting pinched at the race track, and I there and then decided to bring the matter before court."

"Of course I was in the neighborhood of your garage quite often of late, as the car up for raffle was parked right across the alley from your garage as I have found out here in court," urged Delaney.

"Might not this key found on Mr. Druso help to bring this tangled matter to a solution?" asked the Judge.

"That is the key from my car!" eagerly exclaimed Mr. Dresser. "I was accustomed to leave it in the lock. But how does it come that on the tag attached to it the name, Delany, is plainly written. This seems to justify me in accusing Delany of burning my car."

"If it is the key to your car; it is also the key to the raffle ticket box. Here is the original in my possession," countered Delany.

Upon comparing the keys, the court found that one was a duplicate of the other. The Judge now proceeded to expound the case. "To me it seems," he said, "that Druso knew something about your car, Mr. Dresser, and that he stole your key because he found that it fitted the lock on the raffle ticket box. He used the key to open that box secretly and removed the real tickets only to stuff it with blanks and with others that one and all bore the numbers he had taken on Mr. Spigoni's car. Probably he discovered that Delany here was a friend of Mr. Spigoni. After doing the shooting as his note indicates, he hoped to bring trouble to Delany and burnt your car in the hope that his name attached to this key would incriminate him. Thus things evidently have come to the proper conclusion, and my verdict in the face of the evidence is that Delany will have to pay a thousand dollars to Mr. Dresser for unduly annoying him; that he must pay all costs because of his conduct at the race track, and that he must return the ticket money."

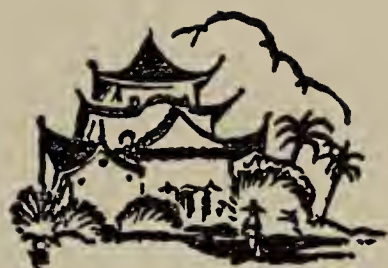


Song

A. A. Traser '34

There's beauty on the earth, and all is bright,
When we behold the gladsome joys of spring.
The feathered minstrels tune their throats to sing,
And send forth cheery songs for our delight
Until they leave us for their nests at night.
Their songs are hushed; they rest with folded wing;
Ah, let them sleep and to the branches cling
To wait for dawn's return and welcome light.

If birds can wait till darkest hours are past
To sing again when morn shines on the hills;
We, too, like them should peacefully await
The dawn of joy, for troubles never last.
Thus we in turn, when gladness ends our ills,
May sing of hope that never comes too late.



More Licked Than Loved

James Pike '33

IN these days when western nations are still unfriendly to one another because of the mutual lashing given in such uncivilized fashion a decade and a half ago that the thing is hard to forget, it will be interesting to observe what results will show themselves in China where a lashing is being administered at present. Likely results will be different from what they are among Westerners; that old Eastern nation, the Chinese, has a peculiar way of looking at things. Its people have worked out their own history without looking to the right or to the left for plans or models from other nations, and all they look for is non-interference on the part of others. But in spite of themselves, interference did come and in plenty, yet always with almost amusing results. A mere rapid historical survey of China shows that it got licked and licked in past ages until the lickers got tired of licking; then to the great surprise of its enemies, when these had exhausted their ferocity, there stood plain old China, apparently nothing the worse for the drubbing received. Her fate seems to be much like that of the Biblical character, Job, who, when reduced to the extremity of abiding on a dunghill, was assailed by three doughty fellows only to come out of the fray better and more prosperous than he was before. The

wonder is if Japan can learn a lesson from the past; she is trying to steamroller the Chinese dragon right now.

Whatever else may be dragged into doubt about China, this one thing is certain, that its history, namely, though filled with suppositions, exhibits an astonishing array of incidents that become deeply fascinating once they are seriously contemplated. In this connection, and that in the first place, comes a point of ethnology. One need but read a school history to be assured that historians will not venture to say to which of the three categorical tribes of the human species the inhabitants of China belong; they are a people whose characteristics are more than usually baffling. But very recently, an ethnologist, Herbert H. Gowen, has made short shrift of this point by assigning the Chinese definitely to the Hamites. Commonly considered a backward people, as is the case with the entire division of the human race to which they are said to belong, the Chinese boast a history which in its backward reach into antiquity has all the written records of what is called Western peoples beat by four thousand years. What influence they had upon these nations is not easily told, but that it must be far-reaching is plain from the assumption that by building their great wall, a stone construction 1800 miles in length, they turned the barbarian invaders towards the Occident. In consequence the old Roman Empire fell, and Europe took on the national complexion it wears today.

This single historical incident would be enough to make the West reckon with China, but its history

shows that what the West considers very modern is in fact very ancient to any learned Chinaman. His people, so he may well maintain, were an established nation when Babylon was struggling into life; when Troy had not yet fallen to the Greeks; when Jerusalem was not even thought of, and when Rome was nothing more than seven knolls of grazing land. Even more than that, he can show that in these early times his country was producing literature that belongs to the greatest known to the world; that state socialism was tried and found wanting; that Technocracy was discovered to be impractical and sent to the discard; that in medicine anaesthetics were known; that the circulation of the blood was known two thousand years before Harvey ever thought of this fact, and that in the year 1200 A. D., dynamite and other explosives were used against the invading Tartars. Here is a record that not even ancient Babylonia and Greece can equal.

But as it is said that in the opinion of people literature is the chief index of civilization, then it will be much to the purpose in giving credit to China for what has been done by her in this regard. Here is a noteworthy fact which dare not be overlooked, namely, that at the opening of Chinese literature no epic poem is found in the foreground. Evidently, the Chinese were no warlike people. As has already been said, they were often licked, but as their great wall indicates, they wished to be let alone, and above all, they did not think of going on military expeditions for the sake of licking other nations. There was no occasion, therefore, for an epic poem. Instead of martial airs, the more gentle lyric was pro-

fusely cultivated. Already in 1707, this people could boast of an anthology containing fifty thousand poems, mostly lyrics, and among them, as translators testify, are found nature studies that would make all the nineteenth century romanticists of the West turn green-eyed with jealousy.

If literature reflects the thoughts, feelings, and emotions of a people as expressed by its master minds, then the characteristics of the Chinese, as embodied in their literature, are such as really should evoke admiration. Western peoples seemingly are growing tired of the clank of arms, of the smell of powder, and of the noble rage of the brave warrior. But growing tired of these things is only a recent manifestation among them; while the Chinese, as what is known of their history witnesses, had grown tired of these things already in very ancient times. Their writers, even in those times that belong to the fables of history, must have understood how futile it is to worship conquerors, men who choose to write their names in the annals of the ages with the blood of slain human beings; they must have understood how disgraceful it is to praise despotism or anything that savors of oppression or of hostility to others, for none of these items have at any time found favor with them as topics for their ink brushes and their type carvings.

Though they were children of nature, as their numerous literary productions testify, and hence apparently took the affairs of life in a vein of levity, yet profound, systematic, philosophic thought is not wanting among them. Of this there can be no doubt when the ethical teachings of Confucius are

considered. It is surprising to find in the sayings of that great man, who died as early as 478 B. C., ideas that people in modern days would do well to contemplate. Of course, people at present may find many ideas in the Five Classics and the Four Analects that were produced by this ancient savant that seem puerile, but faulty translation may well account for this defect. The large number of axiomatic sentences, however, that show real brilliance of mind, atone sufficiently for occasional mediocrity in thought. Even to this day, his rules for conduct, as embodied in his sayings, are the guiding principles of the Chinese people. Reverence that could keep its grip on the mind of a people for the long space of twenty-five centuries cannot belong to a small man; only a superior man can advance such a claim.

That a nation, showing such astonishing progress in centuries of which Europeans hardly have anything worthy to record, should all of a sudden crystallize into stagnation is one of the outstanding phenomena of human history. It is long customary to speak of the Chinese as being static, backward, unprogressive; but it may be that they are in fact a monitory sign of what other nations have to expect when they shall have run their course. Yet it may also be that this ancient nation has had such vast experience with the futilities of mere worldly advantages that it has become weary of the ever-changing winds of fortune and has settled down to a dead level of existence at which it is content to rest on the laurels of its past history; while contentedly ruminating on the thoughts left to it by its great and ancient minds.

The St. Joseph's Collegian

April 19, 1933



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THE ALUMNI

ONE of the most thrilling moments that a person can experience in the general run of life is to pick up a picture of a school, point to it and say with pride, "Yes, this is the place where I attended school for a number of years. Allow me to tell everybody that those years were not lost. When I come to reflect on those years, I feel that I rather enjoyed them, and I don't recall that I was more happy and contented during any other years of my life. It is a fine place, that school is!"

To be an alumnus of a school implies more than merely having attended classroom exercises and campus exhibitions. It means that one has profited by his attendance; that he has become intellectually alert; that he has met with others whose personalities he has reasons to emulate; that he has imbibed the traditions and the atmosphere of his Alma Mater, and that he will be ready to give assistance to the school in all ways possible for him to do so. To be an alumnus does not impose any onerous duties, but it does imply that by worthy conduct and successful career throughout later life a person will give honor to the school he has attended. If there is talk about assisting the school, it is in this way that such assistance can be given more effectively than in any other, since it is that from its alumni

the ability of a school to mould character and impart knowledge is evidently judged.

If St. Joseph's is to be judged by its alumni, only one conclusion can obtain, and it is that the characteristics as described are everywhere in evidence among those who recognize this school as their Alma Mater. It may be a fact that men of world-wide fame are not to be found among them, but there are among them a goodly number of successful business men; able teachers, and worthy priests, all of whom keep in their hearts a warm spot for the old school, their Alma Mater.

M. J. V.

A GUIDING SPIRIT

IT is now a hundred years ago that John Henry Newman proved to be the guiding spirit in that "revival of learning" which centered in the well known Tractarian or Oxford Movement. While leading others, a matter of which he did not appear conscious at the time, he, nevertheless, produced out of his own poetic mind that beautiful marching song of the Tractarian hosts, "Lead Kindly Light." The sentiments expressed in this poem show that he was as unconscious of being led as he was of leading others, yet both eventually proved to be a fact.

At first his ability to lead others showed itself in his charming personality which soon commanded increasing attention because of his learning, the ascetic fervor of his life, and a certain interesting trend of thought in his sermons. All three of these matters received further emphasis in his writings for the "Tracts for the Times." Here it was that he emerged as a leader of others, a leader worthy of

admiration and suitable to be followed. In argument upon argument concerning the matter in hand, he gained victory upon victory. The turning point came in "Tract 90." All of a sudden, as it would seem, in the course of this Tract his giant structure of argument clattered down to ruin about him with a noise that must have been shocking. If at any time he felt that he was leading, he now felt that he was being led, and finally becoming conscious of the fact, he did not hesitate to follow the guiding force that drew him onward. He sought truth, and when he found it, the sight of it was bitter, but he loved it. His storm-tossed soul came to rest when at length in 1845 he made his profession of faith to Father Dominic at Littlemore.

Later in life he received the Cardinal's hat from Pope Leo XIII and wore it on a head deserving that honor. Throughout his long life he was known for his zeal in activities for the welfare of religion and learning. When he took to his last pilgrimage in 1890, "alone to the Alone," the loss of a leader in the religious field was sorely felt, and English letters were deprived of their master prose stylist whose equal has not risen into view for the past forty years. But it was not any worldly glory that concerned Newman; he was that type of superior man in the world who does not set his mind for anything or against anything, but chooses only to follow what is right. In the words of an ancient philosopher it may be said of him, "He was not concerned that he was not known, but sought rather to be worthy to be known."

H. P. K.



WITH the month of February comes the delightful quarterly, THE TRINITY COLLEGE RECORD. Diversified subject matter is the keynote of the "Record." Interspersed with poems, essays, and stories, it makes an ideal magazine. The opening poem, based upon a Japanese model, deserves worthy comment both for its thought and meter. The essays show that the writers are fully acquainted with their subject matter, hence the easy flow of language, which gives one the impression of that artistic polish which should permeate all good literature. The fairy story entitled, "A Story for Jane" is especially fascinating. It deals, as usual, with fairies, elves, and evil witches, and like all fairy tales culminates in a happy ending. Aside from the enjoyment it affords, this tale brings back pleasant memories, "the bliss of solitude." Moreover, the well written editorial on Galsworthy is very thoughtful and presents information about this great author as well as interest to its readers.

GOOD NEWS, indeed, contains everything that the title implies. From the sparkling cover to the advertising section the material captivates the interest of the reader. The modern "cuts" and illustrations deserve high rating. Among the various essays the one entitled, "Today," is educational be-

cause of the value of the subject with which it deals. It clearly puts forth the problems which face Franklin Roosevelt at present and ventures to predict that he is "the man of the hour," suggesting that if as true Americans we co-operate with him, prosperity once more will be the reward of our labors.

THE WAG from Jacksonville, Illinois, is simple in form but commendable in appearance. The time spent in reading its musical verse and dignified essays is not time lost. Even if the conclusion of its thrilling story does not surpass our anticipations yet it meets with our approval. The concise and well written details of each basketball game are worthy of imitation. Although the editorial column deals with five different subjects, the matter is neatly presented and should solicit the approval of the "Wag's" readers.

Written in a direct and appealing style, THE SAINT VINCENT COLLEGE JOURNAL finds a welcome place on our exchange desk. We regret that the journal has no humor column but for that its readers may find compensation in the charmingly written essays. The arrangement of material shows good judgement; but why not use a few illustrations and "cuts?"

Chester Bowling '34



WINGS FOR MEN

By Frank Wead

FROM very early times it seems to have been man's great desire to fly. Even in the mythology of ancient Greece and Rome we find many examples of gods and men who were able to fly. Particularly interesting is the tale of Daedalus and Icarus. Although the story may have been only a vagary of the author or of the people, nevertheless, this fanciful whim has become a reality. Moved perhaps by these stories of the ancient myths or by the inherent ability of birds to fly, man began to study ornithology, hoping thus to discover the secret of the art. Hence the first flying-machine was designed in 1489 by that famous Italian genius, Leonardo da Vinci. Even though da Vinci did not succeed, he, nevertheless, aroused the curiosity of later generations. From then on a host of men began to try their fortune at flying.

But first among all the flying-mechanisms, as we read Mr. Wead's book was the lighter-than-air ship, the balloon, brought into the world by Joseph and Stephen Montgolfier. Immediately interest and experiments in aerostation became prominent. Again

we find many men engaged in this work. Such scientists as Guy-Lussac and Charles ascended in these early aerostats to make observations of the higher atmospheric conditions. It was during the Franco-Prussian war that the first balloon battle took place.

In the latter half of the nineteenth century men began to take up the study of heavier-than-air machines. Mr. Wead in an effective way portrays the attempts of such men as Cagley, Lilienthal, Langley, Santos, Dumont, Zeppelin, and the Wright brothers, as well as some of the less prominent men who gave their lives for the development of aviation.

In the latter part of the book the author thrillingly tells of the experiments and accomplishments of the airplanes and dirigibles. As during the time of the early experiments with the balloon, so also during this hectic age of the development of aeronautics, "crowds were willing to pay to see men flirt with death."

ROMEWARDS

By C. J. Eustace

THE Catholic Book Club in presenting "Romewards" as its selection for February admits that its offering is very substantial matter which will require thorough mastication before being digested. Its author is C. J. Eustace, a Canadian, who made his literary debut as a short story writer. The fact that he is a recent convert to the church and the slightly misleading implication of the title might seduce one to think of the book as his personal apologia. Instead it is, however, an objective exposition of Catholic

philosophical principles. Mr. Eustace's main thesis is that the strictly empirical science of the modernists has been tried and necessarily found wanting, and that for a way out of the tangle of conflicting and ever changing theories of the present day philosophers are now turning to Scholasticism, linked as it is to Catholic theology and, in the final analysis, based upon Divine Revelation. He contends that "the truths which the Catholic Church enshrines are not worn out or impractical but are the well-springs of all modern thought; they deal with the ultimates with which the modern world must concern itself or perish."

The work, is to say the least, encyclopedic in its scope. It demonstrates that to attempt to reduce life to an illogical, mechanical process is to ignore basic principles that govern individuals as well as nations. The demonstration naturally entails a review of "Comparative Science," an analysis of concepts and knowledge, and a brief consideration of Revelation, Theology, Literature, and Religion. "The Catholic News Letter" relates that several well known critics when informed of the nature of the contemplated work declared its compilation impossible unless it was to be a mere series of philosophical jottings or a generalization altogether lacking detailed perspective.

. That "Romewards" will ever become popular or widely read is quite doubtful; it is far from being "something for the whole family." Yet it should satisfy a rather definite demand and prove of value in calling attention to the challenge offered modern thought by the vitality of Catholic philosophy.



ALUMNI, have you made all arrangements to be with us here at St. Joe's on May first? Just a little reminder which you will be glad to receive if you have forgotten—of course you haven't—about the big day—ALUMNI DAY.

Give yourselves a treat; let your affairs take care of themselves; come back to old St. Joe's for just one day. Forget you ever had a care, lapse back one, two, five, ten or however many years it may be since you left St. Joe's and relive your college days again.

When you gather here the first of May you will be surprised to see so many of your old friends back again. Many of the "old boys" have already affirmed their intention to be present on Alumni Day. It will be a source of pleasure for you to hear their humorous tales, and you will return home pleased with a day well spent.

When one has left St. Joe's there is always a longing, a yearning to come back, but somehow one manages to drown that feeling in the day's routine. But now, your Alma Mater has set aside this one day in the year for the "old boys" and urges them to get to-gether for an old-time round of fun. You are not going to disappoint your Alma Mater by not being present the day; that is YOUR DAY; you

are not going to miss the chance to renew those friendships, which were so firm in years gone by!

Perhaps a brief resume of the activities arranged for your enjoyment will prove inviting.

Arrival, April 30th, Sunday Afternoon.

4:00 P. M.—Band Concert.

8:00 P. M.—“Grumpy,” presented by C. L. S.

Note—After the play, the rest of the night is yours.

ALUMNI DAY, May 1, Monday.

8:00 A. M.—Mass for deceased members of the Alumni Association.

9:30 A. M.—Baseball game.

11:00 A. M.—End of game.

12:00 A. M.—Banquet and election of officers.

In a recent letter, Anthony “Rip” Vorst, an alumnus of '31, now at St. Vincent's Seminary, Latrobe, Pennsylvania, says: “I enjoy reading your journal very much. Judging from the essays, including “De Apostolo Hiberniae” and the other articles, it seems that the Collegian is making rapid progress in the field of literature.” The Collegian staff is always glad to hear from you, “Rip,” and it extends its sincerest thanks for your evident interest in its work.

At St. Charles' Seminary, Carthagen, Ohio, a grave responsibility was placed upon the shoulders of Norman “Mo” Koller, a graduate of last year's class. At St. Joe's, “Mo” used to cut grass; now he is a barber and cuts hair (as most barbers do). Good luck to you and also to your victims (who will probably need it more or less).

William Faber, '30, after finishing his studies in philosophy at St. Gregory's Seminary, is now taking theology at St. Meinrad's Seminary. "Bill's" many friends will be glad to hear from him.

Recently a very welcomed letter was received from Joseph Gibson, '31. As a true alumnus he tells us, "—I am still 100 per cent for St. Joe. A short time ago I saw St. Joe's play Kokomo here, and I was surely surprised at their fine ability. You fellows have a team of which you can be proud."

"Be sure and remember me to my old classmates of '31 in the next Collegian; extend to them Easter greetings from me and tell them also that I will be on hand to represent '31 on Alumni Day. Thanks to you. Joe Gibson, '31."

The class of '33 was unusually favored by a letter from a former classmate who was none other than Thomas "Bubbles" Martin. At present Tom is at John Carroll University, Cleveland, Ohio. He states that he intends to major in Latin this year after which he hopes to take up osteopathy in Dallas, Texas. We wish you great success in your undertaking, "Bubbles," perhaps "bones" and Latin are related subjects.

Although a bit late, nevertheless the Collegian still desires to congratulate Andrew Pollok, '29, who is the president of the Gaspar Mission Unit at Carthage, Ohio. Under "Andy's" leadership the unit has been doing some fine work. More power to you "Andy."



DWENGER MISSION UNIT

AT the recent D. M. U. meeting held March 18, a matter both of great importance and interest was discussed. Walter Steiger, acting in the capacity of chairman for the finance committee, gave detailed information concerning the success of the raffle and the new innovations that were to take place at the coming Mission Festival.

Peace, the "Utopia of the League of Nations," was discussed during the Catholic Action program from a Catholic point of view. "The Discontent in Latin-America" was delivered by Victor Boarman, who presented a detailed account of the unsettled conditions prevailing in South America. Dramatic intensity was displayed by Leo Frye in his talk "Peace is no Fool's Prayer." A work that showed much thought and considerable research was Herbert Kenney's "Charity versus War." As may be noticed from the names of the speakers, one may infer that the greater number of them are members of the Senior Class, who have shown themselves capable of fulfilling their assignments.

The musical program was more varied and extensive than had been witnessed at previous meetings. Two violin soloists, Ambrose Heiman and George Muresan, accompanied by Rudolph Bierberg and George Hess respectively, played a number of dashing compositions. In his second appearance of the year, Fr. Camillus delighted his audience with popular classical selections, together with a medley of songs.

THE RALEIGH CLUB

ON the evening of March 25, the long expected and much talked about minstrel was staged by the members of the Raleigh Club. The rise of the curtain disclosed a black-faced cast lustily singing a hearty welcome to the audience. Continuous merriment, aroused by the witticisms of the rollicking end men, was displayed on the part of the guests from start to finish. Adding variety and musical touch to the show, old Southern melodies harmoniously presented by the chorus, together with the sprightly tunes of the R. S. C. banjoists, Rosenthal and Vandagriff, provided delightful interludes. Thomas Danehy, Leonard Fullenkamp, Charles Scheidler, and Anthony Traser were featured in the vocal refrains. But by far the "hit" of the show were the steppers, O'Leary, Pallone, DeCocker, and Penny who are in truth the BIG MEN of Collegeville. Their rhythmic capers brought forth such an ovation that an encore had to be added, leaving the gentlemen tired and very much out of breath, but happy. The curtain fell to the refrain of "When Daniel Left the Lion's Den," leaving a warm spot in every heart for the Raleigh Club. This presentation was the first

of its type that has been staged by the R. S. C. So successfully was it accomplished under the direction of Walter Steiger, that the popular opinion is that it will not be the last.

THE NEWMAN CLUB

HERETOFORE the public programs presented by the Newmans were anticipated, if indeed they were anticipated at all, by the members of the C. L. S. with the thought in mind to judge the progress made in dramatics by this society at present in comparison with the record established by Newmanites in former years.

To show their stuff, and that effectively, the local Newmanites stormed their audience on March 16 with a comedy entitled "Three Live Wires." So cleverly was the play presented that not even a spectator skilled in dramatics would have guessed that the performers were mere Newmanites.

Although the play itself, for the most part, was of a humorous type, nevertheless, it contained a good moral. The main theme of the comedy was woven about the actions of three private soldiers of the A. E. F., namely Robinson, Brown, and Smith. Robinson, the chauffeur of John Pendegast, a wealthy chain drug store owner, is kept busy keeping his two pals Brown and Smith out of trouble, who by the way are also in the employ of John Pendegast. Marion, his daughter, retains her faith in the chauffeur, standing by him in all his troubles. The play ends with the clearing up of the mystery of a theft in which Robinson and Brown are implicated to which is added the former's engagement to Marion.



LOCALS

AS IT IS AND WHY

DUE to the busy hours anticipated for the issue of the Senior Number in June, it was deemed best to combine the May and June numbers of the COLLEGIAN. The literary material, however, will not suffer in the least. An amount equivalent to two issues will be presented in that number thus increasing it to twice its standard size. If the final issue which is estimated to be the crowning accomplishment of the year, measures up to expectations the COLLEGIAN staff will be amply compensated for all its past labors and troubles. Be on the lookout for the Senior Number. Surely, it will brim over with sparkling bits of news about St. Joe's activities.

WOODMAN, PLANT THAT TREE

A very large order, 1,000 down of various kinds of trees, has been placed with F. S. Betz, a Hammond millionaire, who is interested in the future of America's lumber supply. As a part of the nation's reforestation program, so enthusiastically encouraged and subsidized by our new executive, Franklin D. Roosevelt, the trees will be planted by the students of St. Joseph's in the vicinity to the College buildings. Already an extensive space has been cleared for this purpose in the old northeast grove. Trees that are dead or show signs of decay, have been felled, thus providing adequate room for the planting of the young

trees fresh from the nursery. The local interest exhibited in this vast and noble project of reforestation, entitles St. Joseph's to appropriate to itself the altruistic motto of Mr. Frank S. Betz: "Trees, walnuts, and tree seeds are for providing our 26 million pupils with lumber when they grow up."

OFF TO WINAMAC

A select few of the choir members were privileged to visit Winamac, March 22, on the occasion of the funeral services of Fr. Wiegand, C. PP. S., pastor of Winamac, Indiana. Under the direction of Rev. H. A. Lucks, the choir sang Professor Toner's polyphonic Requiem Mass. Father Wiegand, C. PP. S., was buried at Carthagen, Ohio, on the following Friday morning.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

Throughout the world, March 17, was a day of celebration for those of Irish ancestry. But here at St. Joseph's everyone who owned a green sweater, shirt or tie, though by nationality a Frenchman, German, Pole, or Swede, proudly sported his Shamrock emblem, and together with the Irish honored the great St. Patrick.

According to sacred tradition for this day, classes were happy memories. Taking advantage of the fine pre-spring weather, many hiked along the country roads or through the woods and fields. They were going nowhere in particular; just enjoying the invigorating air and the gleeful songs of spring's first messengers. These same nature lovers, after spending the morning in the wide open spaces, turned their attention to the city of Rensselaer for the after-

noon's diversion. The movie over, all returned home, for the most part foot-sore and weary, yet determined to settle down to some serious preparation for the fast approaching examinations.

"IN THE SERVICE OF THE QUEEN"

Nearly everyone has at some time or other seen, heard, or at least read of the great Southwest of our own United States. On the evening of March 22, a movie entitled, "In the Service of the Queen," was presented in the college auditorium. This motion picture, depicting the heroic work which is being carried on by the Missionary Catechists in the Southwestern missionary fields, portrayed perfectly the beauty and attractiveness of the mountainous scenery that yearly lures numerous visitors to New Mexico, Arizona and Southern California. Merit and praise are due the Society of Missionary Catechists at Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana, for the production of such a true to life picture.

THE RAREST DAY IN JUNE

The idea of graduation might be a mythical conception to some, but no longer to the Seniors. They decided in a class meeting, just the other day, that they intend in the near future to make graduation a reality. It has been definitely settled that Commencement Exercises will be held on the morning of June 6. (Of course the Seniors did not decide this). The baccalaureate address for the occasion will be delivered by the Most Rev. Bishop Alter, D. D., of the Toledo Diocese.

Everyone who aspires to great things in life

must have an ideal or a motto. The Seniors have a motto; therefore they aspire to great things in life. Don't mind the syllogistic reasoning—few others do. But to make a sweet story sweeter, the Seniors have a motto and intend to follow it. When the late hours of an anxious evening wane into the bright hours of the great day of the sixth, "FINIMUS COEPTURI," "We finish to begin," will be their slogan for life. Then as the Alumni of their Alma Mater, they will go forth to brave the elements, alone or together, as God in future days will ordain. No longer will the proud word be "finimus," but, because what was once a wholesome dream is part and parcel of the hallowed past, it shall always be "coepturi." But that the world might know that below this superstructure of success there lies a foundation born of hard hours of study, moments of disappointment and victory, little personal triumphs over despair, the class of '33 will ever seek to live up to their chosen motto; "FINIMUS COEPTURI."

Honor Roll

First Class: Thomas Etzkorn, 84 2-3; Harold Judy, 82 1-6.

Second Class: Thomas Seifert, 91 1-6; Henry Kenney, 89 1-2.

Third Class: Anthony Gamble, 96 5-6; John Hoorman, 96 3-8; Denis Schmitt, 95 2-3; Albert Ottenweller, 94 2-5; Thomas Growney, 93 3-4.

Fourth Class: John Samis, 94 5-6; Ambrose Hei-

man, 92; Donald Klaus, 91 5-8; Edward Maziarz, 91 1-4; Anthony Suelzer, 90 1-6.

Fifth Class: William McKune, 96 2-7; Alfred Horrigan, 94 4-7; William Conces, 93 4-7; Chester Bowling, 93 3-7; Carl Vandagriff, 92 6-7.

Sixth Class: Frederick Koch, 96; Michael Vichuras, 93 1-7; Robert Dery, 92 4-7; Charles Robbins, 92 4-7; Raymond Leonard, 91 5-7; Herbert Kenney Jr., 91 4-7.

Robert Dery '33

Aurora

R. A. Bierberg '35

She slips the bar and swings the portals wide;
She bursts upon the cold, gray morning sky
And flings her fiery, rainbow-cape on high
To tell the world her master's come to ride.
She next in radiance slowly fades away
Refolding silently her gorgeous gown,
Until at length, from valley, hill, and town
She vanishes to wait a new-born day.

Apollo, with his fiery-breathing steeds,
Now takes the morning sky with feverish glee
And leaves a path of heavenly alchemy,
As onward to his western home he speeds
Where he in turn most gently fades away
Amid the splendors of a dying day.

Basketball



CARDINALS TAKE FINAL CONTEST

IN the final encounter of the year, the St. Joseph Cardinals were pushed to the limit, and an over-time period was needed before the contest was decided in their favor, 31-30. The victim of the last battle was the Holy Trinity quintet of Gary. The Cards jumped to an early lead and were out in front at the quarter, 11-1. By the brilliant shooting of Jadrnak, the Gary quint was able to close the gap somewhat and were only four markers behind at the end of the first half, 13-9.

In the second half matters were rather complicated. The Cardinals' four point lead was quickly overcome and the visitors scored basket after basket to forge ahead, 27-20, at the end of the third canto. At this point of the game, Capt. Danehy, playing in his last contest for St. Joe, came through for two nice "bunny" shots and a foul to put the Cards within striking distance. A fielder by Jank made things look blue, but Downey retaliated with a bucket to make the score 29-27. Five seconds before the gun sounded the end of the regulation time, Rusty Scheidler, sent one through the drapes to knot the count. In the extra minutes the two teams played cautious ball. A free throw by Cling put the Cards in the rear, but a quick basket by Danehy and a free throw

by Horrigan gave enough margin to spell victory for the Cards, their twelfth of the season.

The team closed the season with this twelfth win in fifteen starts, and not once was it subdued on the home court. If you want to know how the Cards did it, just ask a fan.

Lineup and summary:

Cardinals (31)	B.	F.	P.	H. Trinity (30)	B.	F.	P.
Danehy, f. ----	3	4	3	Wirtes, f. -----	4	2	3
Traser, f. -----	0	0	1	Jenyo, f. -----	0	0	0
Hession, f. -----	1	2	2	Lach, f. -----	2	0	0
Downey, f. -----	1	1	1	Cling, f. -----	0	4	2
Fontana, c. -----	1	6	3	Jadrnak, c. ----	4	1	4
White, c. -----	0	1	0	Evanseck, c. ----	0	0	4
Scheidler, g. ---	2	0	4	Jank, g. -----	1	1	4
McKune, g. -----	0	0	1	Golivas, g. -----	0	0	1
Horrigan, g. ---	0	1	1				
Siefer, g. -----	0	0	2				
	—	—	—		—	—	—
Totals -----	8	15	18	Totals -----	11	8	18

Player	G	FG	FA	FM	TP	P	F.Pet.
Danehy, f.	-----	15	32	37	19	83	13 .513
Hession, f.	-----	13	25	14	11	61	14 .785
Downey, f.	-----	11	9	9	5	23	6 .555
Welch, f.	-----	4	1	1	0	2	2 .000
Traser, f.	-----	10	10	2	0	20	7 .000
Manoski, f.	-----	5	3	2	2	8	2 1000
Fontana, c.	-----	15	31	62	36	98	17 .580
Petit, c.	-----	9	8	2	1	17	7 .500
White, c.	-----	1	0	1	1	1	0 1000
Scheidler, g.	-----	15	39	38	24	102	21 .631
Siefer, g.	-----	12	8	12	4	20	14 .333

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

Horrigan, g. -----	14	8	10	5	21	23	.500
McKune, g. -----	9	2	6	0	4	7	.000
Karcher, g. -----	4	1	0	0	2	4	.000

Totals ----- 177 206 107 461 147 .519

Explanation: G—Games; FG—Field Goals; FA Free Throws Attempted; FM—Free Throws Made; TP—Total Points; P—Personal Fouls; F. Pct.—Free Throw Percentage.

Games won, 12. Games lost, 3. Pct. .800.

Points, St. Joe, 461; Opponents 344.

Average, St. Joe, 30.73; Opponents, 22.93.

INTRA-MURAL TOURNEY HELD

An interesting tournament, similar to Gollner's tourney of classes of last year, was staged at the college gym with eight teams represented. Players from different classes composed the teams, so that there was no class rivalry involved. The participants, as well as the spectators certainly displayed an active interest and "enthusiasm" in the event. Really it was the biggest sport event of the season, and no one seemed to regret that he had taken part in or witnessed such a tournament.

Now to get down to the tourney itself. A team composed of Fontana, Welch, Minick, Ritter, and Rosenthal, displayed a fancy brand of basketball to cop the tourney by winning three straight games, 19-16, 16-12, 13-9. The other games of the tournament were equally close and the winner was not decided until the final whistle had sounded. The success of this event will probably lead to a repetition in future years.

STATE TOURNEY IS HELD

It seems as though tourneys are the topic of the hour, at least that's the way it is working out. After the intra-mural tourney, the state tourney was held, and the winner was a team known as the League of States, or in other words, a team composed of the players from other states besides Indiana, Ohio, and Kentucky. In the first round the League of States defeated Ohio, 28-17, and the Indiana team defeated Kentucky 24-21 after trailing up until the last minute of play. In the finals the League of States, under the leadership of Danehy (Wisconsin) and McKune (Tennessee), put on an attack that frustrated the hopes of the Hoosiers. When the last bell rang before the study period, the Hoosiers were in the rear, very much so, 21-13, and thus the state championship rests with no particular state.

HURLERS START PRACTICE

The basketball floor, the stage upon which the Varsity basketball team conquered ten of its opponents, was the scene of the first baseball workout. Twenty-five candidates answered Coach DeCook's call for pitchers and catchers. The first several days were spent in warming up the old "soup bone" but in the second week, following the first cut, the horsehide "flingers" began to put the stuff on the ball.

Coach DeCook will have a difficult task in building a nine that will duplicate the success of the basketball team. Again this will be the first year of active inter-collegiate baseball at St. Joe since '25, but the boys are going out to do their bit and put the lo-

cal nine in the second-class college baseball spotlight. Although the schedule has not yet been definitely arranged, and although our beautiful "winter" spring will make outside practice difficult, nevertheless, after these conditions have been overcome, there will be no reason to doubt that baseball will then be in full swing and baseball victories will be chalked in the college ledger.

Dope

The reason "Dope" did not appear in the previous issues was that the Dope Bucket was not upset. Everything happened just as we expected.

Now that the basketball season has been definitely closed, the diamond artists are going to get down to something smaller in size.

The shin guard dates back to the ancient Greek Hoplite. He often got it on the shin, but not with a little ball. These guards were used as protection against iron blows in those days.

When John Elder asked Tony Suelzer if he ever hit a homer, he got the absent-minded reply—"No, we're still studying Virgil."

Something about sports that can be interpreted literally: "Sportsmanship is the thing that oils the wheels of human activities."

If you think a basketball player looks like a Roman god in his sweat suit, you'd better stay and see him take it off. It might change your opinion.

A student manager could easily get a job as a child's nurse. He's had plenty of experience.

A bush league is one in which the players don't get enough salary for shaves and haircuts.

What we need on the local "golf course" is a good traffic cop. There's too much reckless driving.

If a fiery team will win ball games, who would have a chance against "Reds" Van Nevel, Minick, Schroeder, Quinn, Rosenthal, Heinzen and O'Connor.

Some dumb people think that a baseball fan is used for cooling purposes, and that the home plate is used in the refectory.

Can you imagine a guy being so honest that he holds a gun on himself when he plays solitaire.

Although not found in best books of etiquette, one must always learn how to bow to the inevitable, hence the local cagers had to give in to three opponents.





Humor

Thornbury: (boastingly) "There's good blood in my family."

Beeler: "Oh, transfusions, I suppose."

Scher: "That dollar you gave me yesterday was counterfeit. What do you mean by that?"

McCrate: "Well, didn't you say that you wanted a dollar and you wanted it bad?"

Stohr: "Doctor, I want you to examine me. I don't know what's the matter. I'm constantly thinking about myself."

Doctor: "Oh, you must stop worrying over small trifles."

Prof: "Of course this vocabulary is optional but it will do half your work."

Gilsinger: "Good; I'll take two."

Some so-called open minds should be closed for repairs.

B. Schmitt: "So you imagine that you know as much as the Prof, do you?"

Baird: "How is that?"

Schmitt: "Well, he himself has said that it is quite impossible to teach you anything."

Two young lads were going strong,
Hitting hundreds, never wrong.
Sure did seem a wee bit phony,
Then they stopped—a defunct pony.

Traser: "Why don't you string your violin?"
McKune: "I haven't got the guts."



Lenk: "Last fall Fort Wayne made a clean-up,
and ejected all the undesirable characters from the
city."

Connelly: "So you made a quick getaway?"

Traffic Cop: "Didn't you see that red-light?"

Prof. Tonner: "No, sir."

T. C.: "Well, didn't you hear my whistle?"

Prof. T.: "No, sir."

T. C.: "Well then, I might as well go home, I'm
not doing any good here."

Trame: "Are you Trame?"

Masanz: "No."

Trame: "Well, I am and those are his gym shoes
you are wearing."

Prof: "This is the worst recitation that I have had. Perhaps you have noticed that I've done most of it myself."

Nels: "Our landlord is so tight that he charges us to look at his goldfish."

N. Heckman: "That's nothing, when Fullenkamp sings, he rents the air."

Prof: "When was Rome built?"

Widmer: "At night."

Prof: "Who told you that?"

Widmer: "You did. You said Rome wasn't built in a day."



These bright spring days would cause anyone to envy this fortunate lad.

Maziarz: "Always remember to start from the bottom to accomplish anything. There is no exception to this rule."

Hemmelgarn: "None at all?"

Maziarz: "No."

Hemmelgarn: "How about swimming?"

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